

SYNOPSIS.

Congressman Standish and the Woman, believing themselves in lave, spend a trial week as man and wide in a hotel in morthern New Tork under assumed names. The Woman awakons to the fact their engagement of. Standish snd calls their engagement of. Standish protects wondying devotion. Wanda Kelly, telephone girl at the liotel Keewick, Washington, is loved by Tom Blake, son of the political bose of the house. He proposes marriage and is refused. Standish to the political bose of the house. He proposes marriage and is refused. The gives as one of her reasons her determination to gut revenge on Jim Blake for mining her lather, Congressman Frank E. Relly, Congressman Standish, turned I jurgent, is Subting the Kullins bill, a measure in the interests of the railroads. The minimal seeking means to discredit Standish in the hope of pussing the bill through. Robertson, son-in-law of Jim Blake, and the latter's caudidate for spenker of the house, tries to win Standish over, and failing, threatens to digitate his past. Jim Blake finds out about the episods of five years back at the northern New Tork hotel. He secures all the facts except the name of the Woman and proposes to use the story as a club to force Standish to allow the Mullins bill to pass. Jim Blake lays a trap to secure the same of the Woman, He tells Miss Kelly that he is going to have a talk with Standish, and that at its conclusion the latter will call up a number on the telephone to warn the Woman. He conclusion the latter will call up a number on the slephone to warn the Woman. He conclusion the familian had that at its conclusion the months of the servants on the place of the servants on the familian sets a New York wire and calls Plans 1001. A few minutes later Robertson tells Miss Kelly to call Plans 1001 and get his wife or one of the servants on the phone. Miss Kelly to send out as soon as the woman mand is learned by Rtandish, Bake has a story of the Standish opisode prepared ready to send out as soon as the woman's mame is learned. Hishe's daughter of

CHAPTER XXI.

Jim Blake, Loser. And so for an instant-they stood. It was an odd tableau: Grace, helpless, shaking, dumb; Wanda, her arms clasped protectingly about the unheeding Woman, who did not so much as realize their presence nor feel the warm sympathy of their embrace; Mark, his triumph tinged with impatience at his wife's hesitation; Blake, still gripping the telephone and glowering in angry surprise at the lawyer; Van Dyke grim, alert, master of the moment, his lean face set in lines of unwonted sadness.

And it was Van Dyke who broke the brief stleffce. His precise dry voice was tinged by a note of something almost solemn as he addressed Robert-

"Mark," he said, "Miss Kelly has told us that she promised the—the Woman not to tell. When did she make that promise?"

"What does that matter now?" snapped Mark. "We-"

"She never heard of the affair until early this evening. So it must be since then that she talked with the Woman about it. Miss Kelly has been on duty downstairs ever since six o'clock. She has not left this hotel. How could she have communicated with the Woman?"

"By telephone. If-" "I think not," denied Van Dyke, the cold sorrow in his voice now apparent to every one. "The Woman is here in this house." this house."
"So much the better!" declared

Blake, again picking up the telephone. Van Dyke, in gloomy wonder, turned on his chief.

"You have often boasted, Jim," said he, "that you owe your success to the fact you see things just a second sooner than other people. Don't you understand-even yet?"

"No," growled Blake, "I don't. Out with it, man! What are you trying to get at? Don't beat about the bush. You're wasting time that we haven't

Van Dyke faced Roberston; his lear face working.

"Mark," he said, tapping the duplicats telephone list, "your house in New York is charged here with two calls. We thought it was a mistake

A wordless gurgle from Jim Blake interrupted him. The telephone was set down by a hand that shook as though from paley. For a single instant the heavy-lidded eyes were wholly, starkly unveiled in a glare of unbelieving horror. Then they turned stupidly upon Grace who bowed her head in a spasm of hysterical unchecked weeping before the panic query in

Wanda Kelly wound her arms tighter about the heavy body. But Grace neither felt the contact nor heard the whisper of eager futile comforting. Blake stared open-mouthed, his face greenish and flabby, the stern law loose, the keen eyes buiging. Mark Robinson was still frowning perplexed-

ly at Van Dyke. 'Don't you understand?" pleaded the

"No, I don't," returned Mark. "What have the two phone calls to my home gut to do with-?"

Suppose the second call were not a mistake-f" hesitated Van Dyke. Robinson's face went purple. sig veins near his temples swalled

grotesquely. He took as involuntary step toward Van Dyke. The latter

raised a protesting hand.
"Mark," he said, flinching not at all band's little eyes, "we are here as law-yers, making an investigation. At last we have struck the right trail. I am sorr; it leads where it does. I—"

He got no further.

He got no further. At a stride Robertson was beside his wife.

"You hear what this man insinu-ates?" he cried thickly. "I don't ask you to foul your lips by denying it. I'll attend to him later. But give me the right to do that by telling the Woman's name at once

"Grace!" croaked Blake, his throat sanded with a horror that he would not confess, "don't you hear what they're saying, girl?"

In his harsh eagerness, Mark forci-bly lifted his wife's bent head and forced her eyes to meet his. "What's the matter?" he demanded

sharply. "Why don't you speak? .Tell miracle from the tolls that craftler Van Dyke he lies. Tells him he lies, I say! Oh!"

His fierce appeal broke off in a cry of pain. He had at last raised her mit of political power, face and had read it. For the briefest But he found his su

won't believe it. Not a word of it. It's a trick to-to-

She caught his shaking hand and muttered brokenly: murmured a broken incoherent syllable or two amid the passion of her own little girl!" sobs

"Almighty!" Blake's legs gave way and he sprawled inert into a chair, his head on his breast. He had all at once grown old-very, very old. Meantime, Robertson had forced his own dazed brain back into a semblance of its

former strong control.
"Van Dyke," he said as calmly as if he were giving a routine order, "you useless. will have every trace of this story destroyed tonight. It must hever get beyond this room. I can count on

"Certainly," agreed Van Dyke with equal coolness.

There was no hint in his voice or in his manner that Mark's command entailed the defeat of a bill, the col- blasting of his happiness. Vanity lapse of millions of dollars worth of stocks, a probably panic on Wall street and the money interests' total of farewell. And, in the end, all he if temporary loss of power in con-For the moment, the great corporation lawyer chanced to be also

Dyke paused beside Blake's chair. "Jim," he said hesitatingly, "I'm go-



Gathered Her Into His Arms Though She Were a Bahv.

Mullins to let the bill come to a

"Yes," answered Blake, without stirring or so much as looking up.

"Yes," he said again, and his voice was dead. "Yes-I'm-I'm licked." As Van Dyke opened the dor, Wanda made as though to follow him.

"If you don't need me any further, Mr. Blake," she said gently, "I'll go." Blake lifted a painted hand in nega-

"In there," he muttered, pointing toward the door that led to the inner "I must speak to you-after-

When the old man raised his eyes, Mark and Grace alone were left in the Before then, it was mine." room with him. Robertson was standing moveless unseeing. Grace's sobs broke the tense slience, as she fought first love." weakly for self-control. Blake crossed over to her. She rose at his approach. "Daughter," ento Blake, almost tim-idly, "they've all gone. None of them you see that a woman's body and will tell. But there's one thing we've heart and soul belong not to her first

"Father!" horror. Every trace of weeping was Mark. So don't let us wind up our seared away by the flame of sudden married life with one, now. You are she were a baby.

been tearing your poor heart to pleces and your old father was the bitterest against you. It's all right, I tell you. girl. It's all right. Dad'll see you through. You shan't be bothered. There, there! Oh, don't cry like that, darling. Don't!"

His voice grow husky. Leaving her

yow is any good at all, it's a good for 'worse' as for 'better.' Mark-be gentle with her, boy."

Slowly, with bent shoulders and dragging step Blake made his way to the big room's farthest end. There, in the window's embrasure, out of earshot, his back to the others, he halted.

Drawing aside the curtains he glanced out into the night. The gloom of the sleeping city was below and around him. But, in one black mass, tiers upon tiers of gariah lights glowed. There, in the capitol, the Mullins bill was coming to a vote. There, Matthew Standish, freed by a men had woven about him, was winning the victory which was to clear for him the pathway to the very sum-

But he found his subconscious self moment he stood stupefied, expression- straying from the picture he was so "Why, Grace!" expostulated Blake, not fix itself on the lighted capitol and in pitiful bravado. "You're crazy! the wreck of his life-work; but crept You don't know what you're implying over back into the dim room behind what you're letting them think. I him. Even his tongue tricked him. For when he would have made it re cite further the tale of his losses, it

"My own little girl! Dad's own,

CHAPTER XXII.

The Hour of Reckoning. Mark Robertson and his wife, left alone, together, in the other end of the great library, faced the situation for which Grace had so long been preparing and for which her frightened years of preparation had proved so

Mark strove for speech. But for the first time in his roughly aggressive career, suitable words were denied him. Alternately he longed to tell her in naked terms what she was and how utterly he despised her. Again, a gush of self-pity urged him to reproach her for the wrecking of his ideals, the coming part way to his aid, he framed -and left unspoken-a curt sentence could say was:

"Why didn't you tell me?" It was not what he had intended to It was banal. It expressed none On his way from the room. Van of the stark moods that seethed in him. Yet as she did not answer, he found himself asking once more: "Why didn't you tell me?"

And now, unknown and unwished for, there crept into his bald question note that was almost of entreaty. "Tell you?" she echoed. "Oh, if you knew how I've wanted to!"

Then-"I didn't dare. I didn't dare."

"Truth and honor surely-" "Your love meant more to me than there is would never have forgiven me. You know you wouldn't. If I've wronged Oh, I love you! I love you!" you-

"If you had loved me as a true woman loves, you would have told me You would have had to. You could not have deceived me like this. Love doesn't feed on lies. It was my right to know everything, so that I could decide my own course. Instead, you have led me into this trap. There is no escape now. And it is too late to reproach you or to try to make you realize what you have done. You say your love for me kept you from telling? Believe that, if it is any comfort to you. I-"

"You say I don't know what true love is," she laughed bitterly. I'm afraid I can never learn it from you So your love has died? Love can't die, any more than God can die. You have never loved me.'

"Never. I see now that you didn't. ing over to the capital. Shall I tell For you don't know what love means. I lived for you. Every thought and word and act of mine was shaped for you. And for you alone. I knew you. knew your faults, your follies, your brute savagery. And I loved you for them as well as for the good that was in you. But what was it you loved? The woman you married-or a snowwhite saintly reputation? If you cared only for the reputation-that is gone forever. But if you loved mo-the woman I am-then I've been everything you thought I was and wanted me to be ever since the first moment you had the right to think of me at all. I gave you my life, from that time on and forever. And it has been all yours.

"And yet you let me believe it was everything-your whole life-your

"It was. All that was worth the giving. All that had ever been worth got to know. I'm with you, no matter lover but to her first love? No woman what you've done. But but tell me can even guess what love is until she ably the most degraded form of can more and if she that this was all over and has found it. And I found it only nibalism is to be found in Thibet, one every day."

and done with before you married when I knew you. I gave you every suite, Wanda, with elaborate care, was thing.

"I'm trying to make it easy. We've The Woman faced him in dry-eyed never had a real quarrel, you and I, indignation. And, at the sight, Jim in the right. I am hopelessly in the Diake gave a great wordiesa cry and wrong. I have cheated you. I admit gathered her into his arms as though it, and I'll accept the consequences. It is in the blood. There is much "Oh, my little girl!" he choked, heredity. My father is a-politician. "Dad's own, own little girl! We've I don't know who my grandfather was. And if he had been worth knowing about, I'd know. There is a bad strain running through the family. It cropped out in me. Yes, I have cheated you. You had the right to demand in our bargain the hard-and-fast terms the world has decreed: All of a wife's life in exchange for a frayed and battered remnant of her husband's. I can't meet those terms, though I tried to fool you into believing I could. So I must meekly give up the love whose price I can't pay. Don't let's make it harder by having a scene over it.



"Haven't 1 Paid? Won't You Say We're Square?"

Good night. I'll stay with father until paid? Won't you say we're square?" you can decide just what you want to do and on what basis we're to separate. If it would do any good to ask your forgiveness I'd ask it. That's all. Good night, Mark."

She held out her hand with a shy wistfulness. He was staring straight nto her tortured eyes and did not see the gesture. The hand dropped back limply to her side, and she moved to rejoin Blake.

But at the first step, Mark barred her way. She looked at him in tired wonder. His face was set and hard. He made no move to touch her. voice, when he spoke, grated like a file, as he forced it between his unwilling lips.

"Grace," he began, "I've told you my love is dead. And I lied when I said it. I planned to put you out of my And, even while I planned. knew I couldn't do it. It doesn't mat-ter what I want to do or what I ought to do. Out of all this hideous tangle, blazes forth just one thing that I must do whether I want to or not. I must go on loving you with all my strength and life."

"Do you mean," she panted wildly. do you mean that you can-that you

"I mean," he cried brokenly, his selfcontrol smashing to atoms under the victory. A victory that foreshadowed hammer blows of his heart, "I mean the richest gifts his country could be truth and honor. I sacrificed them to me, dear love, away from you! I love bright as that winter's dawn. As dazkeep it. I would sacrifice them and you. And I can't go on without you. everything else to get it back. Is You are earth and heaven and hell to ly empty. that shameless? Perhaps. The truth me. I love you. And I have forgotten usually is. If I had told you, you everything but that. Girl of my heart, would never have forgiven me. You will you let me make you ferget, too?

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Victor?

"They didn't seem exactly to be hankering after my society in there," observed Wanda Kelly, "so I came back.

posely raised voice. Just within the memory. What is the rest worth?" threshold from the inner rooms of the

hutting the door behind hir.

"Yes," said Wanda, answering the

question in his look and jerking her pretty head back in the direction of the rooms she had just quitted. "In

Jim Blake's grim face took on a light as incongruous as the play of sunset rays on a mummy. The mask of age and defeat seemed to melt beneath it. He took an eager step toward the inner door,

You saked me to walt. If you don't need me here any longer-"

"Yes," hesitated Blake, trouble flitting across the new light in his eyes. "I wanted to ask you-to-not to let Tom know about this. His sister-" I sent him away so he wouldn't find

"You're white, clear through," grudgingly admitted Blake. "Will you do one thing more?"

"What?" "Bring him back to me." "If I meet him again," she assented

primly, "I'll send-" "I didn't say 'send," corrected Blake, "I said 'bring.' "

'That's different. I-" "I'm out of politics. My own game has broken me at last. I'm old. I know it now. I never did till conight. I'm old and I want my children around

"Til tell Tom," she agreed, softened despite herself by the new suppliance in a voice that had never before been turned to the uses of entreaty, "I'll tell him. I'm sure he'll come back to you

-when he understands. Good night, "There's another thing," he broke in roughly, staying her departure, "a thing that Isn't easy to say."

"Then, why say it?" "Because," he growled, "like all things that aren't easy to say, it's a thing that's got to be said. Miss Keily, hasn't tonight pretty nearly squared the old debt between you and me? You and yours have suffered a lot at my hands. But, after what's happened here this evening, I guess you'll admit, as far as suffering goes, you haven't got much on me. Haven't I "We're-we're square, Mr. Blake,"

she returned in a tone she could not make wholly steady nor impersonal. "And," pursued Blake, "and-Tom?"
"That's different, too," she faltered.

The fangle of the telephone interrupted her. Blake, who was beside desk, picked up the instrument. "Hello," he called into the transmit-

"Ye-yes-she's here. Who wants her? Oh! Yes, put him on this

He lowered the telephone. "Some one to speak to you, Miss Kelly," he reported.

Mechanically, she took up the receiver, and, by long habit, her voice took its professional drone:

"Helio!" she called. Then, turning on Blake, in surprise, she cried:

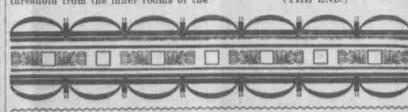
Why, it's Tom!" "Yes," drawled Blake. "So I gathered from the name. I'm glad. Glad clear down to the ground. For both of you. Tell him so, won't you?"

The winter sun was butting its way over the eastern sky-line. The dawn was bitter-cold, mercilessly clear.

And into the track of the first white glittering rays walked a tired man. A man who that night had won a mighty stow. Before him the future stretched zlingly brilliant, and as cold and stark-

in Matthew Standish's ears, as he returned toward the loveless abode that he hated to call home, still rang echoes of the pandemonium that had broken loose in the house when the Mullins bill had gone down to defeat.

"There is only one lasting victory, he muttered disjointedly to himself, as he moved onward in the dazzling ice-cold trail of light. "At the last, it won't be the world's applause that the world's great men will remember. It Jim Blake turned from the window will be the love smile of a Woman. at sound of the telephone girl's pur And-I shall never have known that (THE END.)



PRAISED WORK OF CANNIBALS

Henry M. Stanley Found Them Faithful Followers, intelligent and Trustworthy.

Henry M. Stanley was among the first to negative the prevailing idea that cannibalism was the mark of a special allotment of original sin among aborigines. In fact be preferred cannibals because of their greater intelligence and greater fidel-Now we have the opinion of Mr. Torday, who has just returned from the neighborhood of Lake Tehad in equatorial Africa. He says that he was virtually unarmed, and unescorted except by one friend and twenty Bimbalaland porters who were all cann'bals. He says they were "the most devoted and reliable companions I could ever wish to have in a tight corner." The practice of cannibalism was originally confined to the bodies of relatives and was intended as a mark of respect. Enemies were eaten

where it is the custom to expose the bodies of the dead for disposal by beasts and birds. But where the disease is of so loathsome a nature as to repel nature's scavengers the body is eaten by the priests, which shows that official plety has its uses.

Ought to Be, Anyhow. At dinner Mollie gazed for a long time at a bachelor guest, and then exclaimed:

'Mother, what is an old bachelor?' A frown was the only reply. But a laugh burst forth from the assembled company when Mollie answered the quention to suit herself.

"Oh, I know! An old bachelor is an old maid's husband!"

Pleasant for Mamma.

"And what did my little darling do in school today?" a mother asked of her youngest son -a second grader. "We had nature study, and it was my turn to bring a specimen," said the "That was nice. What did you do?" "I brought a cockroach in a in order to absorb their valor. Prob- bottle and I told teacher we had lots ably the most degraded form of canmore and if she wanted I would bring

Blake glanced quickly about the MUITER III

there. I wouldn't worry if I were you." If cross, feverish, constipated, give "California Syrup of Figs"

A laxative today saves a sick child tomorrow. Children simply will not "Just a minute," Wanda halted him. take the time from play to empty their bowels, which become clogged up with waste, liver gets sluggish; stomach BOUT.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, or your child is listless, cross, fevsrish, breath bad, restless, doesn't eat "I'll never tell him," she promised, heartily, full of cold or has sore throat or any other children's aliment, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," then don't worry, because it is perfectly harmless, and in a few hours all this constipation poison, sour bile and fermenting waste will gently move out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. A thorough "inside cleansing" is oftimes all that is necessary. It should be the first treatment given in any sickness.

Beware of counterfelt fig syrups. Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Adv.

Out of Date.

"Isn't she graceful?"
"Yes, but horribly old fashioned. The slouch is all the style nowadays.

BABY HAD PAINFUL ECZEMA

R. F. D. No. 1, Lucorne, Colo .-About two years ago my baby, who was about four months old at that time, was afflicted with eczema which at first appeared on the back of the neck and kept constantly enlarging. The eczema broke out in a rash at first and it was small and rough and very red. It itched and burned so much that he could not sleep well, continually turning and twisting his head as the eczema was on the back of his neck where he could not get to it to scratch well. But in rubbing so much it became red and almost raw. it seemed very painful as the child fretted constantly. After some time a similar trouble appeared on the

sheeks "At last a friend advised me to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment, I sent for a sample and this did so much good I bought a cake of Cuticura Soap and the Cuticura Ointment. I used them according to directions and it was only a month until the eczema was apparently well and it soon entirely disappeared and has never returned." (Signed) Mrs. Carrie M. Brown, Mar. 28, 1913.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each tree, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postmrd "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."-Adv.

> It Was Ever Thus. Riff-What is your son doing these Raff-Me.-Nebraska Awgwan

Constipation causes many serious dis-sases. It is thoroughly cured by Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellots. One a laxative, three for cathartic. Adv.

Reckless promises soon make s

WHAT \$10 DID FOR THIS WOMAN

The Price She Paid for Lydia E.Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Which Brought Good Health.

Danville, Va.—"I have only spent ten dollars on your medicine and I feel so much better than I did when the doctor was treating me. I don't suffer any bearing down pains at all now and I sleep well. I cannot say enough for Lydia E. Pinkhrm's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills as they have done so much

for me. I am enjoying good health now and owe it all to your remedies. I take pleasure in telling my friends and neighbors about them."-Mrs. MATTIE HALEY, 501 Colquhone Street, Danville, Va.

No woman suffering from any form of female troubles should lose hope un-til she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from native roots and herbs, has for forty years proved to be a most valua-ble tonic and invigorator of the fa-male organism. Women everywhere bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

PISO'S REMEDY